Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I doe as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.
Qu. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but euen now disguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did respect her.
Qu. When she shall challenge this you will reiect her.
King. Vpon mine Honour no.
Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forsweare.
King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will and therefore keepe it *Rosaline*,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this world: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would wed me, or else die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honourably doth vphold his word.
Kin. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.
Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine
you gaue me this: But take it sir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.
Qu. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Ladie laugh, when she's dispos'd;
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours, and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Doe you not know my Ladies foot by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eye.
And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
You leere vpon me, doe you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this braue Manager, this carreere bene run.
Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord sir, they would know.
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.
Ber. Is not nine.
Clow. Vnder correction sir, we know where-vntill it doth amount.
Ber. By Ioue, I always tooke three threes for nine.

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